Methodist Church, Peekskill, N. Y.
P-68814

GOD BLESS YOU.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee.
The Lord make his face shine upon thee,
And be gracious unto thee."—Num.

I seek in prayerful words, dear friend,
My hearts true wish to send you,
That you may know, far or near,
My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than "God bless you!"

"God bless you" so I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses,
For can there any joy at all
Be Thine, unless, God bless you?

"God bless you!" so I breathe a charm,
Lest grief's dark night oppress you,
For how can sorrow bring you harm,
If 'tis Gods way to bless you.

And so "through all thy days
May shadows touch Thee never,"
But this alone---"God bless Thee dear---"
Then art Thou safe forever.